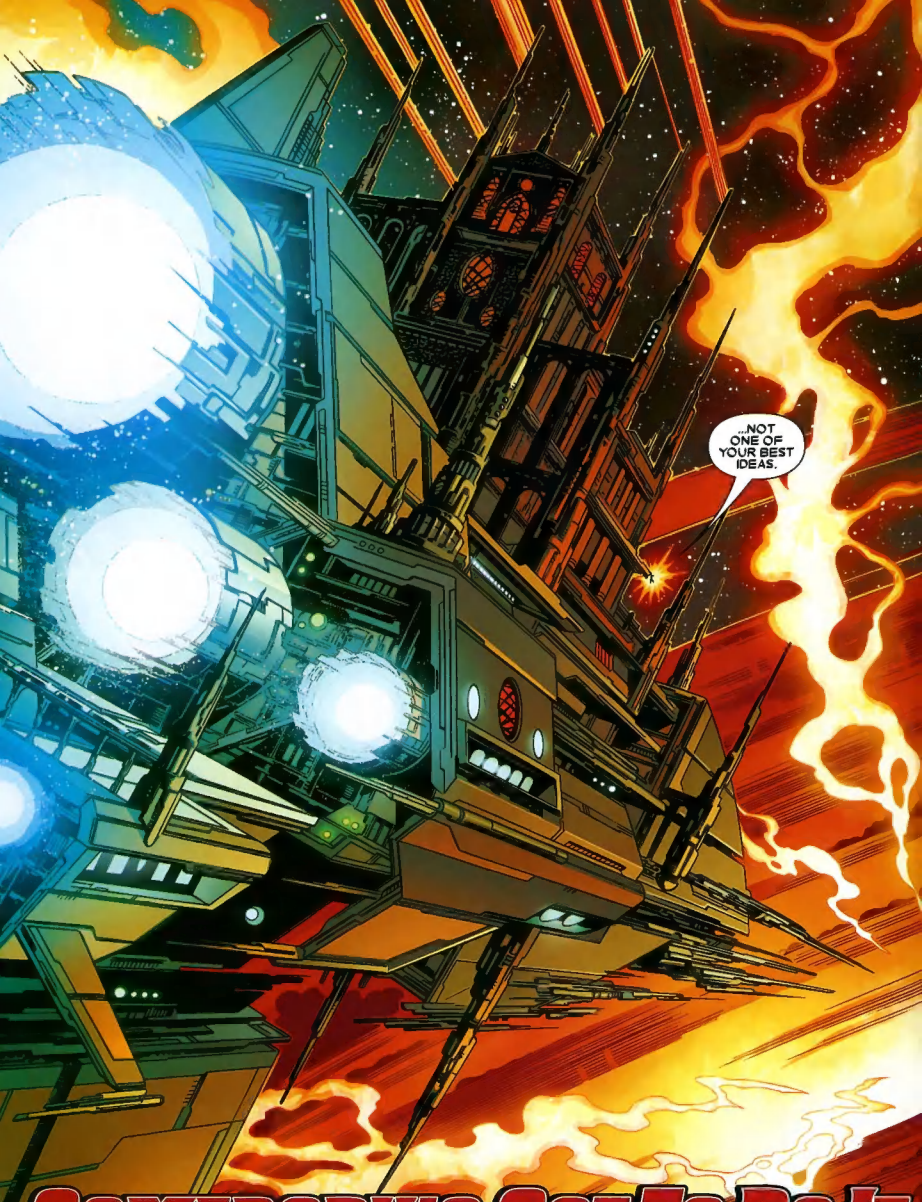
DEBRIEF LOG: STAR-LORD (PETER JASON QUILL, HALF TERRAN/HALF SPARTOI, NO ENHANCED ABILITIES)
THAT DIDN'T GO SO BADLY.
FOR A FIRST MISSION.
BURN THE UNBELIEVERS!

U.C.T. TEMPLESHIP TANCRED
FIVE HOURS AGO...
"BURN US?" THAT'S NOT VERY FRIENDLY.
THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF TRUTH DOESN'T DO FRIENDLY.
WARLOCK? HOW LONG WE GOT?
VERY LITTLE TIME, STAR-LORD! I CAN FEEL THE DISTORTION LEVELS RISING!
THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF TRUTH...
DIDN'T THEY USED TO WORSHIP YOU, ADAM?

NO, GAMORA.
YET I SEEM TO RECALL...
YOU KNOW I WENT TO GREAT LENGTHS TO REWRITE THAT PARTICULAR TIMELINE SO IT NEVER HAPPENED.
"REWRITE?" "TIMELINE?" NUTS, THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE ONE OF THOSE COMPLICATED ALTERNATE REALITY THINGS, IS IT?
NO, ROCKET, THIS IS A PLAIN, OLD SCHOOL STOP-THE-BAD-CRAZINESS-FROM-HAPPENING DEAL!
WE HAVE TO TURN THIS AROUND BEFORE THE FISSURE BLOWS OPEN AND UNLEASHES HELL!
NOW SOMEONE CLEAR A PATH THROUGH THESE HOLY WACK-JOBS!
I'M TRYING, PETER! THEY'RE SURPRISINGLY CAPABLE!
I'VE MET WORSE.
DEBRIEF LOG: QUASAR (PHYLA-VELL, HALF ETERNAL/HALF KREE, POSSESSES THE QUANTUM BANDS)
HONESTLY? I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS GOING TO WORK.
I MEAN, A GROUP OF STRONG-WILLED INDIVIDUALS, EACH WITH THEIR OWN AGENDA?
BUT PETER WAS DETERMINED, RIGHT FROM THE START...

HALA, TWO WEEKS AGO, THE DAY AFTER THE END OF THE PHALANX CONQUEST...
SO MY QUESTION IS... WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
YOU THOUGHT ANY MORE ABOUT RE-FORMING THE NOVA CORPS, RICHIE?
WELL, ME BEING THE LAST "SPACE COP" ALIVE, I'VE GOT A BIT ON MY PLATE, PETE. BUT IF I EVER DECIDE TO REBUILD THE CORPS, IT'LL BE SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY.
FAIR ENOUGH. BUT THE GALAXY NEEDS SOMETHING.
PICKING THE WRONG PEOPLE-- OR NOT GIVING THEM ENOUGH TRAINING-- CAN GET THEM KILLED. SO I'M NOT GOING TO RUSH.
LIKE?
FIRST IT WAS ANNIHILUS, THEN THE FREAKING PHALANX. WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TWO HUGE WARS IN RAPID SUCCESSION.
BOTH TIMES WE JUST THREW TOGETHER WHAT WE HAD AND IMPROVISED.
I'M TALKING ABOUT BEING READY FOR THE NEXT ONE.
IN FACT, I'M TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING THAT WILL STOP THE NEXT ONE BEFORE IT EVEN HAPPENS.
AND THE NEXT ONE. AND THE ONE AFTER THAT.
YOU'RE SUGGESTING WHAT? A PEACE-KEEPING FORCE? BUT ISN'T THAT WHAT RICHARD--
I'M SUGGESTING AN ASS-KICKING FORCE. TOUGH, ELITE, READY TO DEPLOY THE INSTANT ANYTHING FLIES TOWARDS THE FAN.
BECAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE THE GALAXY CAN TAKE ANOTHER HIT LIKE THE LAST TWO.
A PROACTIVE FORCE? DO THOSE EVEN WORK?
WELL LISTEN--I CAN RESPECT YOUR GOALS--AND I CAN HOOK YOU UP WITH A SWEET BASE TO WORK OUT OF. NOT TO MENTION TELEPORT TECH TO GET YOU ANYWHERE.
AND YOU'VE GOT THE TALENT TO CALL ON, PHYLA, OF COURSE. WARLOCK, DRAX, GAMORA.
GAMORA? DRAX? TWO HEARTLESS ASSASSINS?
TWO OF THE TOUGHEST WARRIORS I'VE EVER MET, AND BOTH OF THEM LOOKING FOR A PURPOSE IN LIFE.
RICH IS RIGHT. ONE GOOD THING'S COME OUT OF THESE CONFLICTS. WE KNOW WHO WE CAN COUNT ON WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT.
A PROACTIVE FORCE. OKAY, I'LL BITE. HOW WILL IT WORK?
AND WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO CALL IT?

"ASS-KICKERS OF THE FANTASTIC"?
NO!
HOW ABOUT "DRAX AND HIS "COONSKIN HAT"?
THAT GRAB YOU?
HOW ABOUT "ROCKET RACCOON AND HIS HUMAN HANGERS-ON"?
LISTEN! I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF THE TEAM COULD STAY A LITTLE MORE FOCUSED ON THE MATTER AT HAND.
"TEAM"? UGH. ALL WE NEED NOW IS A SECRET HANDSHAKE AND A CLUBHOUSE.
DEBRIEF LOG: GAMORA (ZEN WHOBERIAN, ENHANCED BIOLOGY, ADVANCED COMBAT SKILLS)
I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME SAY THAT. WE HAVE A CLUBHOUSE.
AT LEAST WE DON'T CALL IT A CLUBHOUSE.
THAT WOULD BE UNBEARABLE.
EVERYONE, DO AS ADAM SAYS! SHUT UP AND MOVE WITH A PURPOSE! WE HAVE TO--
PERISH, UNBELIEVER!
UGHNNN!
NNFFF... FORM A TEAM, PROTECT THE UNIVERSE. GOTTA SAY, PETE OL' BOY...



SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT

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MAN, I STEP OUTSIDE FOR TWO MINUTES AND THINGS SNOWBALL.
PETER! THANK PAMA! I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN VOIDED!
ALMOST.
PHYLA, I COULD SEE THE FISSURE DEAD AHEAD. WE HAVE TO GET THIS SHIP TURNED AROUND NOW!
DAS'T!
I COULD REALLY USE A GUN.
THIS DO?
NOT MY USUAL BRAND.
WHERE'D ALL THESE EXTRA LOONIES COME FROM?
I'M GONNA SAY EBAY?
HOW DID YOU HEAR ABOUT EBAY? AND WHERE'S ADAM?
HE BLASTED ON AHEAD WITH THE GREEN 'N' MEANS. AND WHY WOULDN'T I KNOW ABOUT EBAY? WHERE YOU THINK I GOT MY COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF BEACHES?
ADAM SAID SOMETHING ABOUT TIME BEING UP.
DEBRIEF LOG: ADAM WARLOCK (COSMIC BEING, ENHANCED BIOLOGY, METAPHYSICAL ENERGY MANIPULATION)
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS TEAM WILL WORK OR NOT. ALL I KNOW IS IT MUST.
TIME IS CRITICAL. I SEE CLEARLY NOW WHY I'VE BEEN REBORN.
WE HAVEN'T GOT LONG. YEARS IF WE'RE LUCKY. MONTHS IF WE'RE NOT.
IT'S ALL ABOUT...SPACE, YOU SEE? AND ITS WEAKNESSES. I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN...
THE CONTROL DECK'S GOT TO BE THIS WAY! WE SEIZE THE HELM, WE CAN SWING THE TEMPLESHIP AWAY FROM THE FISSURE!
FOLLOW ME!
FTOOOMM

YOU SEE THAT?
THAT'S WHAT NOT GOOD LOOKS LIKE.
DEBRIEF LOG: QUASAR
SO THE TEMPLESHIP WAS CHARGED UP WITH FAITH ENERGY, AND IT WAS HEADING TOWARDS ONE OF THESE FISSURES ADAM HAD WARNED US ABOUT.
THE CRUSADERS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE FLYING INTO. THEY WERE JUST HEADING TO THE NEXT PLANET THEY WANTED TO CONVERT.
AND THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO OUR WARNINGS.
THAT'S WHY PETER TOOK US IN.
DRAX IS CORRECT. NOT GOOD AT ALL.
THAT'S THE FONT, THE TEMPLESHIP'S POWER BATTERY.
WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THE FISSURE NOW, A SUB-FISSURE IS TEARING OPEN.
WE CAN QUIT THIS TEAM ANY TIME WE LIKE, RIGHT? I DIDN'T SIGN ANYTHING?

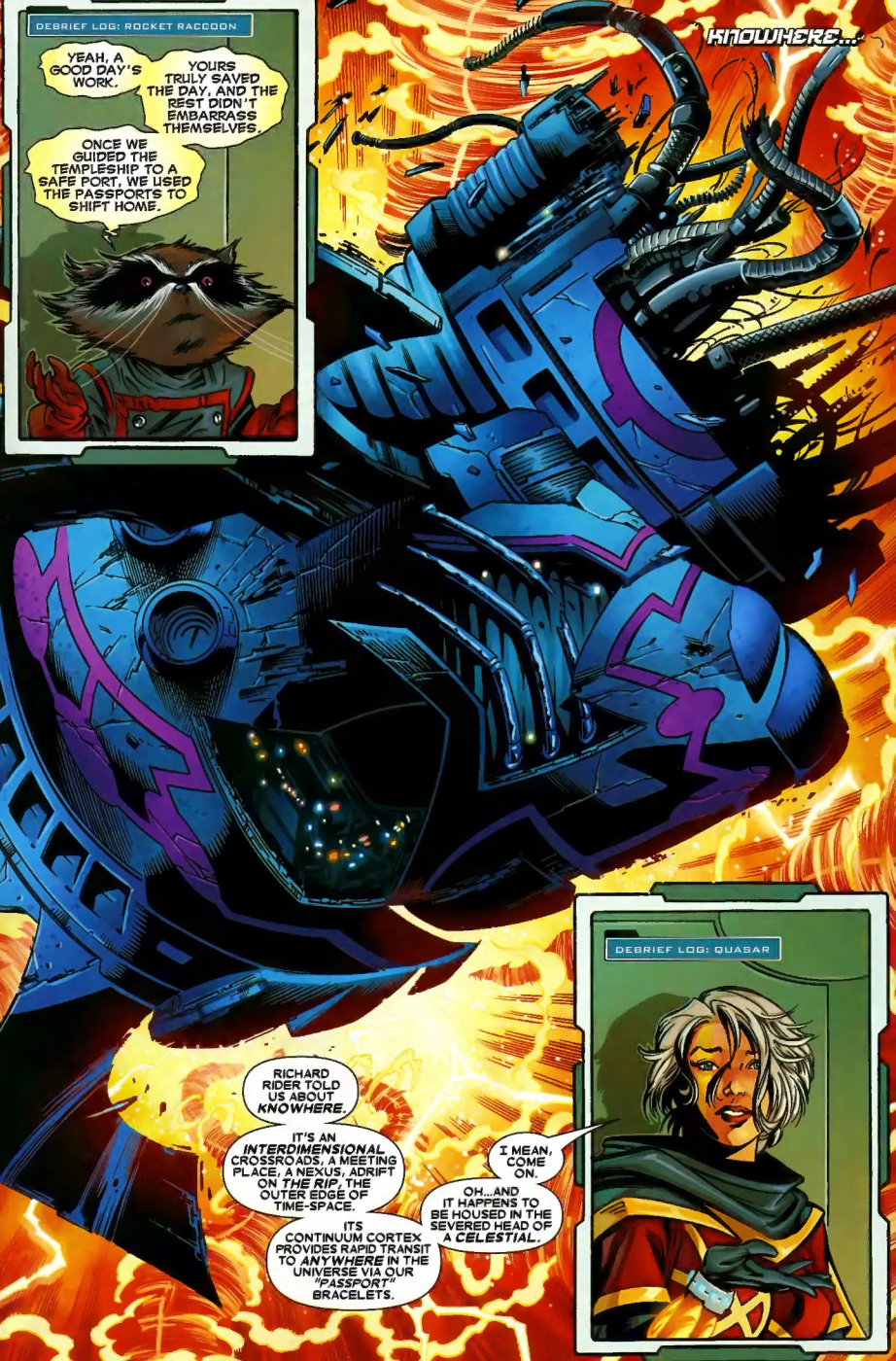
THERE'S NOT ACTUALLY GOING TO BE A LATER, IS THERE?
NOT AT THIS RATE.
THE PROBLEM WASN'T SO MUCH THE BLAST RADIUS, THAT WOULD WIPE OUT THE STAR SYSTEM AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORS.
NO, THE PROBLEM WAS THE HOLE THAT THE BLAST WOULD CREATE.
AND, MORE PARTICULARLY, WHAT MIGHT COME THROUGH IT.
DEBRIEF LOG: ADAM WARLOCK
HAVE WE WON YET?
NEVER MIND. I SEE WE HAVEN'T.
DID WE LOCATE THE SHIP CONTROLS?
IT'S FAR TOO LATE TO ATTEMPT A HELM CORRECTION.
THE TEMPLESHIP IS ALREADY BREACHING THE FISSURE.
WE HAVE TO NEUTRALIZE THE FONT. WE HAVE TO RENDER THIS CRAFT INERT SO IT WILL NOT RUPTURE THE FISSURE.
SO? HELP ME, ADAM, THIS IS ENTIRELY YOUR DEPARTMENT.
OH, WELL IF THAT'S ALL...
I SUPPOSE I COULD STAB IT. WOULD STABBING IT HELP?
ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS IS THAT NOTHING GETS THROUGH!

UGH!
OKAY! RETHINK!
DEBRIEF LOG: ROCKET RACCOON
AND I THOUGHT, JEEZ LOUISE...
...THAT AIN'T FROM 'ROUND HERE.

IT'S ALL RIGHT! IT'S ALL RIGHT!
I CAN CONTAIN IT!
MMNH! NO, IT SEEMS I CAN'T!
HOW ABOUT WITH QUANTUM REINFORCEMENT?
BETTER!
OKAY! WE'RE HOLDING IT!
OUTSTANDING!
ROCKET! THE FONT!
DON'T LET ME DOWN, NUMBER SIX SPECIAL! SMMKK
FLY, MY BEAUTY!

DEBRIS FROM QUASAR
ROCKET BLEW UP THE FONT. ADAM AND I ABSORBED THE RELEASED ENERGY AND USED IT TO ACTUALLY DRIVE THE... *WHATEVER* IT WAS... BACK TO WHERE IT CAME FROM.
IT WASN'T THE *TIDIEST* BIT OF DISASTER PREVENTION BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT? SAVING THE UNIVERSE ISN'T *AN EXACT* SCIENCE.
AND THIS IS ALL STILL PRETTY *NEW* TO US.

SACROSANCT HOMEWORLD OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF TRUTH...
...AND FINALLY, EXCELLENCY, THE TEMPLESHIP TANCRED WAS DAMAGED YESTERDAY OFF THE COAST OF--
DEFINE DAMAGED, CRUSADER.
THE TANCRED ENCOUNTERED SOME FORM OF SPACE-WARP.
PRIOR TO THIS INCIDENT, THE CREW REPORTED ATTACK BY SIX POST-MORTALS.
POST-MORTALS?
YES, EXCELLENCY. THEY SLAUGHTERED EIGHTY-NINE OF THE TANCRED'S CREW.
WHO WERE THEY? UNBELIEVERS? ANTI-CHURCH HERETICS?
THEY NEVER IDENTIFIED THEMSELVES, EXCELLENCY.
BUT, CURIOUSLY, AFTER THE INCIDENT, THEY CONVEYED THE TEMPLESHIP AND ITS CONGREGATION SAFELY TO THE NEAREST PLANET.
FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE. FIND OUT WHERE THEY CAME FROM.
THEN DISPATCH THE CARDINALS, IN THE NAME OF THE ONE LIFE, EVERLASTING, ETERNAL.
AT ONCE, MATRIARCH.


DEBRIEF LOG: ROCKET RACCOON
YEAH, A GOOD DAY'S WORK.
YOURS TRULY SAVED THE DAY, AND THE REST DIDN'T EMBARRASS THEMSELVES.
ONCE WE GUIDED THE TEMPLESHIP TO A SAFE PORT, WE USED THE PASSPORTS TO SHIFT HOME.
KNOWHERE...
DEBRIEF LOG: QUASAR
RICHARD RIDER TOLD US ABOUT KNOWHERE.
IT'S AN INTERDIMENSIONAL CROSSROADS, A MEETING PLACE, A NEXUS, ADRIFT ON THE RIP, THE OUTER EDGE OF TIME-SPACE.
ITS CONTINUUM CORTEX PROVIDES RAPID TRANSIT TO ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE VIA OUR "PASSPORT" BRACELETS.
I MEAN, COME ON.
OH...AND IT HAPPENS TO BE HOUSED IN THE SEVERED HEAD OF A CELESTIAL.

WELCOME TO BACK HERE, COMRADE QUILL!
HOW WAS BEINK FIRST TRIP?
JUST DANDY, COSMO.
DO ANYTHINK INTERESTINK?
SAVED THE UNIVERSE.
OH, NICE FOR YOU.
GRRR... COMRADE RACCOON.
MISTER COSMO.
DEBRIEF LOG: STAR-LORD
COSMO. WHERE DO I START?
HE'S A RELIC OF THE SOVIET SPACE PROGRAM WHO GOT LOST IN ORBIT SOMETIME IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.
A FULL-BLOWN TELEPATH AND TELEKINETIC. HE'S KNOWHERE'S CHIEF OF SECURITY, AND OUR TEAM'S LIAISON
AND NO, I DON'T KNOW HOW HE LEARNED TO TALK.
WE HAFF BEEN BUSY. YOUR QUARTERS AND CONTROL CENTER ARE ALMOST SET UP.
WE APPRECIATE YOUR HARD WORK.
IS PLEASURE.
YOU THOUGHT UP TEAM NAME YET?
NO. IS IT IMPORTANT THAT WE HAVE ONE?
OF COURSE IT IS! IT'S ALL ABOUT BRANDINK! COSMO HAS BEEN GIVINK IT SOME THOUGHT.
HOW ABOUT "THE RETRIEVERS"?
OR "THE K-NINE"? "K" STAND FOR KNOWHERE. IS CLEVER, DA? COSMO SHOULD GET JOB IN MARKETINK.

LOOK AT THIS. THIS IS REALLY COMING TOGETHER.
HEY, MANTIS.
THEY HAVE RETURNED, GROOT.
YES, EXACTLY AS I PREDICTED.
PLEASE REMEMBER TO COMPLETE YOUR DEBRIEF LOGS. I NEED THEM TO MONITOR AND EVALUATE THE TEAM'S PSYCHOLOGICAL WELL-BEING.
YEAH, YEAH, MANTIS. WE HAVE ONLY JUST GOT BACK.
I KNOW. BUT IN THREE HOURS, BOTH DRAX AND ROCKET WILL PRETEND TO HAVE FORGOTTEN.
MAN, NOW I'M GETTING BLAMED FOR THINGS I HAVEN'T EVEN NOT DONE YET!
DEBRIEF LOG: MANTIS (CELESTIAL MADONNA, EMPATH, TELEPATH, PYROKINETIC)
I AM NOT AN ACTIVE FIELD AGENT. MY ROLE IS SUPPORTIVE. I PROVIDE MENTAT SERVICES, COUNSELING, AND GENERALLY WORK TO MAINTAIN A COHESIVE BALANCE BETWEEN THESE DISPARATE PERSONALITIES.
YES, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
NO, REALLY.
OKAY, EVERYONE. CLEAN UP, GRAB SOME FOOD, THEN WE'LL SIT DOWN AND DISCUSS TACTICS AND METHODOLOGY.
AND THE TEAM NAME! WHAT ABOUT "THE ANNIHILATORS"?
"PROTECTORS OF THE UNIVERSE"!
"THE QUANTUM BAND"?
"THE PRO-ACTIVES"!
"THE DEFENDERS"! IS THAT TAKEN?
ENOUGH, YOU FURBALL!
DEBRIEF LOG: MANTIS
IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' TIME, THE TEAM WILL AGREE ON "THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY."
IT WOULD BE AN ABUSE OF MY PRECOGNITION TO TELL THEM THIS.
TIME AND REALITY MUST BE ALLOWED TO RUN THEIR COURSE, UNALTERED. IF I ATTEMPT TO INFORM, OR WARN, OR MANIPULATE, EVEN ON A MATTER AS INCONSEQUENTIAL AS A NAME, IT WOULD DAMAGE COSMIC HARMONY.
FOR THE SAME REASON, I CANNOT TELL THEM THAT NINE MONTHS FROM NOW THEY WILL BE BETRAYED AND KILLED BY ONE OF THEIR OWN.
SUCH DARK TRUTHS A MENTAT MUST KEEP TO HERSELF, HOWEVER MUCH THEY HURT.

DCP SCAN

KRYPTONIA & WEZZ